

WOMEN JUSTICES OF PEACE

BOSTON HAS SIX, AND THEY FIND POWERS THEY POSSESS USEFUL.

Miss Siedeberg, the first woman of New Zealand to take the degree of M. D.—Woman Superintendent of Schools.

Boston has six women justices of the peace and all are interesting, womanly women.

In 1882 an act was passed whereby the governor, with the advice and consent of the council, was authorized to appoint women who were attorneys at law to administer oaths, take depositions and acknowledge deeds, women so appointed to be qualified in their commissions as special commissioners. June 1, 1886, the office was extended even to depositions, and a very remarkable young woman.

In the list there is but one woman attorney at law, and she is a school teacher as well. Miss Mary E. Corbett, who combines in her person three important functions, that of a pleader before the courts, a trainer of the young, and a taker of depositions, is a very remarkable young woman.

From her brother, Joseph Corbett, a young lawyer and politician, she gained her first notion of legal forms and her first taste for musing blackstones. Evidently, however, that while woman as a teacher may be poor and inefficient, she is not so as a lawyer. She has solved to carry on her studies by herself, while keeping up her school examinations, and she did and passed her examinations with distinction last spring.

Almost immediately she received her commission. Miss Corbett still pursues her duties at the Frothingham school, and says that such is her intention, until she can secure just the kind of an office she wants. Her name, however, is prominent with her brother's over the entrance to a Charlestown law office.

Miss Siedeberg, Hackett, another of the six, is still studying law, but has already received her appointment.

The commissioner in four states is Miss Blanche I. Brackett, who is with Charles Adams, himself a universal commissioner. Insofar as it is possible for an American to be, Miss Brackett's principal work is in making out passports and receiving depositions.

Miss Hallie A. Pickering, formerly a newspaper woman, had long petitioned before the act extending the power to women not attorneys at law was passed. She was the first woman to receive the act. Miss Pickering is a legal stenographer reporter and finds the power of commissioner invaluable in her work, since many depositions come her way.

At first sight it is not clear why a woman insurance agent should care to have the power to act as a special commissioner. Miss Sarah Hughes finds much to do, however, and inasmuch as the annual returns of insurance corporations have to be sworn to before a justice of the peace, the explanation is not difficult. The sixth and last woman is S. A. Gallagher.

NEW ZEALAND'S WOMAN M. D.

Miss Siedeberg is the first woman on the island to have taken that degree.

Miss Emily H. Siedeberg has the distinction of being the first woman in New Zealand who has taken the degree of M. D. She is the daughter of Franz Siedeberg, of Danzig, and was educated in Germany. She came to New Zealand to study medicine, and after a year's study in the University of Otago, she was awarded the degree of M. D. She is now practicing medicine in Dunedin.



DR. EMILY H. SIEDEBERG.

Previously made in the colony by a woman, and very little opposition was offered to her success in the medical school. She successfully passed all her examinations, securing her degree at the age of 22 after a five years' course. Siedeberg then departed for a tour in the mother country to gain further experience in women's diseases, and with this end in view she attended the Rotunda hospital in Dublin, one of the largest of its kind in the United Kingdom, and while there she took her degree of L. R. C. P. She also studied at Edinburgh and Berlin, and a month ago she returned to New Zealand, where she is now practicing medicine.

IT IS A CHARMED STAND.

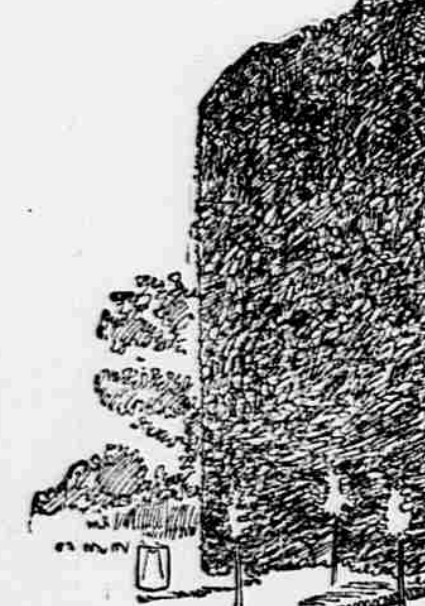
Romantic Memories That Cling About a Certain Alliance, O.

A certain composer's stand in the office of the Alliance (O.) Daily Review is at present receiving considerable free advertisement. It seems that the different young ladies who have had positions at this particular stand during the past ten or twelve years have, in every instance, resigned their positions to get married.

During this time a dozen or more young ladies entered at this desk and secured life positions.

Colonel W. F. Himmelman, the veteran editor, promoted solely by curiosity, recently took a sly peek at the charmed desk through a crack in the door of his sanctum, and a few days later was surprised beyond measure when he received a telegram announcing the marriage of a son away from "Old Virginia." Naturally, a lively scramble is now on between the young lady typewriter of the Review force as to who shall secure the vacant desk, but the management, which is anxious to retain the present force of employees, has decided to allow it to remain vacant for the present, at least.

A WONDERFUL HOLLY TREE.



Culloden, the scene of the last battle fought on British soil, has recently been brought into prominence because of the sale of some of the treasures of Culloden house. Not the least interesting object to be seen at the historic place is the man's hat which was worn by the victor, a holly tree shown in the cut.

ST. LOUIS GIRL TO WED A SPANISH NOBLEMAN.



MISS MARIE REINE FUSZ.

The marriage of Miss Marie Reine Fusz, of St. Louis, to Comte Henri de Penaloza, will take place in St. Louis Thanksgiving week.

Miss Fusz comes of one of St. Louis' best and oldest families, is pretty, vivacious and accomplished, with a fascination of manner that wins her friends eagerly, whether they be Americans or Europeans. A good share of her life has been spent in Paris. Her education was completed at the convent of the Sacred Heart in that city, and while there three years ago she met her future husband, Comte de Penaloza, who is the Count de Hesse, who has business interests in the Eastern cities, as well as in Colorado and the West.

SHE WILL MARRY FOR LOVE.

MRS. FANNIE CLOON WAS ENGAGED TO TWO MEN.

Says She Married Once for Money and Got a Divorce and Now She Will Try Love in a Cottage.

Edward S. Pitzman, of 1700 South Compton avenue, St. Louis, and Mrs. Fannie Cloon of that city will be married next Tuesday.

As the engagement has been kept a close secret by the contracting parties, the announcement of the approaching marriage will cause considerable surprise among the prospective bride's friends, as it has been generally understood that she had promised her hand elsewhere.

The marriage will bring to a close a romantic chapter in Mrs. Cloon's life, covering a period of ten years, in which love proved the victor over riches.

When but a school girl Mrs. Cloon, then Miss Fannie Erskine, gave her heart to a young man, a schoolmate and neighbor. When they grew older they became engaged. The course of true love did not run smoothly and one day they had a lover's quarrel. Instead of a customary kiss and make up the breach between them widened.

A few months later Miss Erskine began receiving the attentions of a Mr. Cloon. On Christmas day, eight years ago, he made her his bride.

The love Dart bore his erstwhile sweetheart, still as ever, and the thought of meeting her almost daily as another man's wife was almost unbearable. He left St. Louis almost immediately after the wedding, and located in Chicago, where he was engaged in the hardware business.

Mrs. Cloon's marriage did not turn out happily and three years later she got a divorce.

About two years after the divorce was granted, a bookkeeper, employed at the Anheuser-Busch brewery, a warm attachment sprang up between them. Last July Pitzman proposed to Mrs. Cloon, and she accepted him. Not a word of the engagement was breathed even to the members of their families.

At the same time, letters from Dart, breathing love and devotion, poured in on Mrs. Cloon, and she replied regularly.

About two months ago Mrs. Cloon confided to Pitzman her engagement to Dart, and he was very understanding. He said that his love for her was as strong as ever, and that he would support her in any business and be able to surround her with every luxury, if she would become his wife. Mrs. Cloon replied that she would consider his proposal. She remembered their former quarrel and did not wish to act hastily.

Their correspondence continued. She admitted that she did not promise to marry him until late this summer, when she had been promised the love of another for several months.

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SOME DEATH-BED MARRIAGES

GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN MARRIED TO DYING MEN.

A Pretty Yorkshire Lass Who Came into Possession of a Rich Estate—Married One Day, Got Half a Million.

Less than a year ago a pretty Yorkshire mill girl was toiling at her loom, deeming herself fortunate if a good week brought her 10s. To-day the good-looking weaver is owner of a grand house, rows of respectable cottages and a banking account that runs into five figures. No one abroad as busy as she is ready for her good fortune; the girl married a dying man, married him at his bedside, mourning his loss in the evening, and shortly afterwards finding in his will a fortune of half a million.

Though twenty years her senior, the gentleman who owned the cottage where the girl and her mother resided, fell in love with the weaver, but owing to his consumptive tendencies never betrayed his passion. When told that his wife was numbered he summoned the girl to his sick room. All unworldly of the nature of the command, the weaver left her loom. His proposal was accepted, and the twin beds were made ready for the bride and groom.

Married One Day, Got Half a Million.

An American dame had the monotony of a long journey changed into romance by being married to an ailing and rich wealthy stranger, who, despite his condition, declared his love with unusual fervor. They were married one evening, and the newly-made bride received a sum of £100,000, which she had to carry off to her home in the north of England. The one-day bride, within thirty hours, had become a millionaire.

Trained Nurse's Romance.

From a small town in Kent comes a pathetic and interesting instance of a newly-made wife becoming a rich woman in less than twenty-four hours after the union. The heroine was a trained nurse; the hero, a wealthy man, who had been ill for months. She was married to him, and he died the next day, leaving her a fortune of £100,000.

Killed at His Wedding.

More painful is a case that occurred at a small health resort in a northern county in winter. The bride and groom—both well to do—were partaking of refreshment with the bride's party before departing for the sunny South, when a heavy cloud fell from the ceiling, wounding a few of the guests and seriously injuring the groom, who, despite careful attention, died after a few hours of unconsciousness.

Too Old to Marry.

The novel plea of a defendant in a Philadelphia bench of Promiscuity.

In common pleas court, Philadelphia, the other day, Katharine Prokopy, a pretty little German woman, jauntily dressed, who had been charged with promiscuity, pleaded that she was too old to marry.

WALTER SCOTT'S DESCENDANT

A Marriage Which Took Place in England Recently—Adopted the Name of Scott.

The marriage of Miss Mary Josephine Maxwell-Scott of Abbotford, which took place in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimborne, England, recently, is the first alliance that the great-grandchildren of Sir Walter Scott have made.

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A GIRL'S BRAVE STRUGGLE TO AID HER RACE.

Miss Kimiens, a Native Liberian, Comes to the United States and Hopes to Carry Back Civilization to Africa.

Mary Lucinda Kimiens is a typical African girl, strong with fine physique and mild disposition which mark the natives of the Dark Continent. Her features have a delicate unusual for her race and her intelligence, considering her opportunities, is wonderful. This is her story, a story pathetic because of the light it throws on the slow progress of civilization.

When I was 4 years old my parents, of whom I can remember almost nothing, sent me to Rev. David A. Day, an Evangelical Lutheran missionary, stationed at the Mendenhall mission, near Archenberg, Liberia. In his family I worked and even taught in manual training class. When I grew older I began to wish to come to America, so that I could learn from people with more civilization and carry back to my own people what I had learned. For to me there was something of sadness.

I had saved up \$250 by working for it a month and doing a little weaving. It took me four years. This was just enough to pay for my passage. I didn't think about earning any more after that, for I thought in this free country anyone could get work. You see one doesn't know much about America in Africa. When I got here a year ago I had no friends. I was alone and as you can imagine I suffered very much and had often been imposed upon. Then the climate is so different and I have wanted to go South, but could not get money enough. I had to wait for my home even now I will be able to carry many ideas to my people.

Believe God has much in store for Africa. The good missionaries sent out here have done much, but the time has come when Africans must do something for themselves. The natives must be taught by people of our own race, by example, do domestic housework, make soap, and must organize native laborers and make them industriously useful. The very fact that we have come here to do this is a mission in itself. To give the Africans an idea of work and domestic life, the way to civilization, and for that native Africans like myself must work with the missionaries. I have not yet lost hope of getting back.

MISS LUCINDA KIMIENS.

work of the tireless missionaries, yet inspiring in that by her own evidence this work has been crowned with partial success.

STORY OF LENA BROWN.

The Chinese woman who was recently baptized in the Methodist Church.

The story of "Lena Brown" the young Chinese woman who was baptized a Methodist by the Rev. Robert McIntyre, is replete with romantic interest. She came to this country from Hong Kong when she was 12 years old, landing with a chest full of embroidered silken gowns to wear.

Two Dutch youths, James and Jacob Cronkheit, or Krankheit, came to this country to seek their fortune after the Revolutionary war. Both were of German descent, X. Y. James at Stanfordsville and Jacob near Poughkeepsie, and both became prosperous farmers.

The tradition among the descendants of these two Cronkheits is that they had a wealthy brother in Amsterdam, Kasper Cronkheit, who, having been disappointed in love in early life, had become an irascible misanthrope, and had put his mind exclusively on saving money.

So disagreeable was he that no one could live with him, and it was on that account that his brothers left him. He asked them to return, but they refused. Then, so runs the family tradition, he made a re-actor to his own way of life. He was killed in 1736. It was found that his entire fortune, estimated at \$300,000, was left in care of a bank in Amsterdam, that it was to remain intact for exactly 100 years, and that it was then, with its accrued interest, to be divided among the descendants of his brothers, Jacob and James.

Eighty miles is deemed by the family a moderate estimate of the fortune, though, at a per cent compound interest it would now amount to \$300,000. The original will, left long ago in Holland by Kasper Cronkheit, is of course the vital point on which the heirs base their claims, and researches thus far have failed to bring it to light. Nor can anything be definitely learned regarding the matter. The legal procedure of Holland in regard to wills and trusts is peculiar, and it is difficult to find or trace back old records. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that bank officials might be too busy to be interested to remember all about the matter. An agent for the American heirs is now at work in Holland, and a report from him is expected soon.

THE WEDDING TOOK PLACE.

Love Laughed at a Rail Fence, a Daughter and Some Granddaughters.

A wedding of the December and May variety took place in Grover township in Jackson county, Mo., the other day. Mr. James Cummings, aged 35 years, married Lizzie Bell, of Valley City, aged 25. The occupation of the groom, like that of many farmers for the last two months, has been that of hauling water. His widowed daughter and her grown-up sisters and brothers, who have been working for some time, and had feared that he would spring upon them that upon their education, he started out with his team and water barrels, they noticed that he dropped the water barrels on the road and went down the road towards his girl's house. They held a council of war and concluded that he would come back up the same road with the girl and drive to Knobnoster, and they were correct in the conclusion. In the meantime, they had taken down a rail fence and built it across the road. When the team came to the fence they called a halt and one of the granddaughters got into his wagon and ordered his lady love to get in. The bridegroom, who was a very stout man, turned his horse on the run, and outran his daughter and her girl, leaving a spirit for two miles, drove to Montserrat and was married.

MARRIED THE WRONG MAN.

A Sioux City, Ia., Woman Weds One Man Thinking He Is Another.

Emma H. Larson, of Sioux City, Ia., says she married John Karash under the impression that he was P. J. Schultz and lived with him ten months before she discovered her mistake.

Her story is that she knew Schultz slightly in Westfield, N. Y., and thought well of him. Karash was related to him and strongly resembled him. After Miss Larson came to Sioux City he is alleged to have resolved to marry her, and she, under this plan, it is claimed, came here to represent his likeness. Miss Larson, however, says she never saw Schultz.

Thompson Karash is claimed to have pocketed \$30 of her money and disappeared. Mrs. Karash, or Schultz, as she calls herself, wants the court to declare her marriage invalid.

HOW OOM PAUL TRAVELS.

Oom Paul is getting to be an old man now. He has just celebrated his 72d birthday, so, perhaps, has a right to begin to show his age. He has become very deaf of late, and when spoken to, holds his hand to his ear in the manner characteristic of old people.

But age does not diminish the old man's love for his "toys." He is a great collector of old things, and he is very fond of them. He has a large collection of old furniture, and he is very fond of them. He has a large collection of old furniture, and he is very fond of them.

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WILD GIRLS OF NEW JERSEY.

ROAMED AROUND AND ROBBED THE HOMES OF FARMERS.

When Their Thefts Became Too Frequent a Constable Was Sent to Arrest Them—Fought Their Captors Like Tigers.

Two wild girls of the woods have been arrested at Hackensack, N. J., and the fancy picture stories of children's books are surpassed by a plain recital of their experiences since they left home. One is Emma Howard, 13 years old, the other is Louisa Montana, who is 12. Their parents are dwellers in a lonely spot, miles from any railroad, though within two hours' journey of New York.

For six weeks they had lived like the children of a savage tribe, roaming through the fastnesses of the Ramapo valley, sleeping in the woods and huts and subsisting on berries and nuts, until hungry forces them to rob chicken coops and even to break into the houses of farmers to get pies and cakes. They were wild and had no sense of right and wrong.

When the thefts became too frequent a constable was sent on the case. The thieves were children in a lonely spot, miles from any railroad, though within two hours' journey of New York.

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